

VICTIMS AND THEIR VICTIMIZERS.

From London Society.

It is an equally true saying, in friendship as in love, that there is always one "que tend la jone et l'autre qui baïse." However reciprocal the affection between two friends may be, one is invariably the recipient, and the other the donor. It may be that one has no power of demonstrativeness, or simply that one is stronger-minded than the other; but from whatever cause it arises, it is an undoubted fact that in every friendship one will be paramount, one is the guiding spirit, one always has the upper hand.

This consciousness of power is usually accompanied by a disregard of the feelings of the one who has been weak enough to place his happiness in another's keeping. It has been very truly said that "a morbid love of power in the shape of cruelty lies at the bottom of every human heart, and where either a man or a woman is invested with absolute dominion over the happiness of another, at very instant, like tarses won by the Evil One, comes the inclination to tyrannize."

If this is true of those who are unconscious of any unkindness, and who, if reproached with it, would consider themselves more sinned against than sinning, what can be said for the many who embitter the nearest and dearest ties of relationship by their selfish and arrogant tempers, and make the dreary intercourse of daily life more dreary than it is already made by the care and care of this weary world, and who infuse poison and unrest where we might legitimately hope for sweetness and repose? We are not now speaking of unkindness that is intentional and premeditated. It may be that the victimizers suffer even more than their victims, for the insulting word and covert sneer may be the means of their acquiring patience and forbearance, so that rest and peace may come to them with the daily consciousness of increased self-control. But the inner life of many who inflict that kind of suffering upon those who at the same time they love dearly, must be a positive hell upon earth.

All the compassion felt by these domestic tyrants is for themselves. It is they who are not understood or appreciated; they who are too refined to bear the ups and downs of daily life; their sensitive organization which cannot tolerate the rough handling which others are forced to endure. They little realize the pain they inflict; they do not hear the groans of their victims, or see the tears forced back from eyes that disdain to weep. If by chance a momentary compunction comes over them, they dismiss it by complacently dwelling upon some act of generosity they may have displayed on a recent occasion. They persuade themselves, that if their conscience does not reproach them for any failure of kindness in action, words and manner are of no moment. How little such people understand human nature, if they think that any act, however generous, or any gift, however magnificent, can elicit one spark of gratitude, or produce anything but pain, if it is accompanied by blighting words or contemptuous sneers—those "living serpents with their venomous stings" that deal desolation into the hearts of those who are their prey.

No tyrant has more power of creating misery in his own little world than the domestic tyrant, or so completely banishes the two great elements of happiness in social life, namely, freedom and trust.

Domestic discord has lately been most admirably portrayed in a weekly periodical under the name of the Nagletoons; but a querulous, discontented woman, and a selfish, unyielding husband, scarcely come up to the kind of cruelty of which we are speaking, and to which the wrong hearts and quivering nerves of the inmates of some apparently happy homes bear ample testimony.

When we remember the way in which all children kill flies, tease dogs and cats, and the number of boys that delight in spinning cockchafers, it seems as if cruelty was inherent in human nature; or it may be only the love of power that makes so many persons delight in saying whatever will most wound or mortify. They seem to take positive pleasure in this, and seem to practise it as if it were an accomplishment, the amount of pain given being the gauge of the success of the entertainment. Such people are among the most unpopular—wounds to self-love being, of all small injuries, the most difficult to forgive.

We were once present when a lady came in rather unexpectedly to call upon a very young wife, and found her dissolved in tears at the temporary absence of her husband.

"So Colonel—has left you alone!—it is really too bad."

"He has been obliged to go to London on business," was the somewhat indignant rejoinder.

"Business, my dear! Have you still to learn the meaning of that very convenient term for all that gentlemen wish to do? I am not at all surprised to find you alone; in fact, I quite expected it, after hearing your husband say the other night that he was quite determined to be present the first night of the new opera. Let me see; that is to-night, is it not?" looking at a newspaper which lay on the table. "Yes, to be sure; so that is his business; and I advise you to write to him, and show him that you know what his business is. Why did not he take you with him?"

The poor little wife turned red and pale alternately; but her friend departed in high glee at having so effectively stabbed her in the most vulnerable part.

Sometimes this kind of cruelty is veiled by exaggerated expressions of interest in the victim's health or happiness. "My dear Julia, I have come on purpose to see how you are, for you were looking so wretchedly last night, it made me quite anxious. You were as white as your own gown. Every soul remarked it, and you were so silent and depressed that we feared you must have heard some bad news!" or, "I am so delighted to meet you out, for from what the Phillipses told me of your singing, I feared your cold must be very bad thing. When you sang at Madame—'s concert, every one thought your voice quite changed."

Both victims smile grimly, and express some gratitude for the interest displayed in their welfare; and both, for the rest of the day, feel equally uncomfortable.

We constantly hear and read of the happiness of a newly-married couple—of the bliss of a honeymoon. We believe, on the contrary, that the first year of married life is, with very few exceptions, a trial both to husband and wife. Till they are properly "broken to harness," people are apt to chafe against having to give up their wills continually, and being so entirely at the disposal of another; and it requires a good temper and an elastic nature to yield easily. "My dear Henry, will you drive me over to—?" says a young lady, lately married, to her husband.

"Yes, to be sure, darling; when will you go?"

"At once, if you like; the sooner the better."

"Ah! but I forgot; I cannot go yet; I must see Peters about that horse."

"How tiresome! Surely he can wait."

"Impossible! how can I let a man come sixteen miles by appointment, and then tell him to wait? But he will come by the eleven o'clock train, and will not detain me more than an hour."

"An hour!" I cannot take him an hour to look at a horse."

"But he has other things to do. We must go over the farm." This said rather impatiently; but he sees a cloud gathering upon his wife's brow, and hastily adds, "However, it will be cooler in the afternoon, so I will order the phaeton at 2 o'clock. At 2 o'clock, then, love," he repeats; and, sealing the arrangement with a kiss, he lights his cigar and saunters out of the room.

The 2 o'clock strikes, but Mr.— is not come in. The servant, in answer to her inquiries, suppose him to be still at the farm. The phaeton comes round; the bride puts on her most bewitching hat, and goes into the garden, waiting patiently till half-past two. Three o'clock strikes, and finds her still waiting; then she hastily orders the carriage back to the stables, and, lovely summer's day though it be, takes off her hat and settles herself for the afternoon in the house to some needlework which she detests. Presently she hears a hurried step on the stairs, and her husband, hot and panting, enters the room.

"Dearest Constance, I am so sorry to have kept you waiting, but Peters did not come till one o'clock, and is only this moment gone. I have run all the way from the farm;—poof! how hot it is!" And he fans himself and wipes his face with his handkerchief. But Constance stitches on silently, only heaving sighs at intervals.

"Well, Conny, ain't you going to get ready? The carriage will be round directly. I sent word to the stables as I came in."

"Will it?" says Constance, with the air of a martyr; "then you are going out again?"

"Why, what the deuce do you mean? Didn't you ask me to drive you?"

"Yes; at two o'clock," with a very strong emphasis on the two, and a glance at the ornate clock on the mantelpiece that had just struck "four."

"But I could not possibly come sooner, and it won't take long to trot over to—, if you will get ready at once."

"Thank you, Edward, but I am not going out to-day. It certainly is a beautiful afternoon, but if I am always to be left alone, the sooner I get used to it the better. It was very different at home. Dear mamma little thought—" Hear the tears that begin to flow are hastily wiped away, and the silent stitching is resumed. It is a new phase to the young husband, who, nonplussed and discomfited, walks to the window.

"In what, will you come out or not?" This said rather crossly.

"No, thank you, Edward," is the reply, scarcely above a whisper, and with a heavy sigh.

"But I must go to—, and the horses must have exercise. I cannot drive all that way alone."

"Of course, the horses must be considered, they cannot be made to stay at home or wait."

"What nonsense! come along! What's the good of being vexed about a thing that's over, and can't be helped?"

"I'm not vexed, Edward," in a tone of deep despondency; "but I am not going out to-day."

A hasty ejaculation, not of the most complimentary kind, and the husband strides out of the room, banging the door. His wife watches him from the window, and sees him flog the horses and drive furiously away from the house, and sinks upon the sofa in a paroxysm of weeping, inveighing bitterly against his cruelty in going without her, entirely neglecting the many refusals to his repeated entreaties to accompany him.

We confess to feeling some sympathy with the young wife, and think that she had a right to consider herself aggrieved in the matter of waiting, which to eager, nervous temperaments is, of all trials, the least endurable.

"Aspettar, e non venire, star in letto, e non dormire. Ben serviro, e non gradiro. Son tre cose a far morire."

Another frequent trial of strength and cause of victimizing in a family is dissension arising from the necessary payment of weekly or monthly household bills. Mr.— is going out in a hurry; his wife calls him back to ask for a cheque wherewith to pay them; he gives it rather impatiently, annoyed at being detained, and with no great pleasure at the cause, accompanied with a good deal of grumbling, and some hard words about extravagance.

"Where's the money in one hand and her pocket-handkerchief in the other, to brood over his unkindness, and, possibly, the injustice of his complaints. In the evening he comes home cold and tired, after having been occupied all day, without the faintest recollection of the squabble of the morning. To his horror and amazement he finds his wife and family sitting by a black, fireless grate, by the light of one solitary candle.

"Good heavens! how cold! Why on earth is there no fire in this room to-day?"

"I desired that it should not be lighted. I thought it would be better to do without a fire, as you complained so much of the coal-bill this morning," is the mild reply.

He rings the bell furiously, and the housemaid is sent for, and a small spark of fire, among a pile of black coals, only makes the room appear more dismal still. Meanwhile the family adjourn to dinner, where the same system of economy has been pursued, there being only one small check for five people.

"Bring the master of the house."

"There ain't no more, sir," is the servant's half-amused, half-frightened reply.

"Do you mean that there is nothing more to eat?" he says to his wife, in a tone of awful sternness.

"Oh, yes! there is a rice pudding coming presently," she says, in a cheerful tone.

"Rice pudding!" Do you suppose that we can dine on such trash? Do you suppose that we can dine on such trash, as well as trifle and plum pudding, but, after what you said this morning, I sent down to the kitchen and countermanded it all."

A muttered imprecation, with an order for the cook to send up all the cold meat in the house, is the only reply, and the dinner proceeds to the sound of mutterings, almost like distant thunder, from the master of the house.

The same difficulty arises about wine, the lady steadily refusing to drink anything but a little cold water, saying, occasionally, with a sad smile, how "very expensive it is to dine off cold meat, people eat so much more of it."

"She looks like a sweetly resigned martyr, doubtless considerably supported by the underlying consciousness that she has effectually punished her husband for complaining about the household expenses, and that probably he will never do so again."

It was once our fate to be staying in the house with a lady who was a perfect adept in the art of victimizing. The house was one of "the stately homes of England;" and the room in which we usually sat in the day time, a library nearly sixty feet long. This room had a fireplace at each end, and one

very large bay, which was almost a room in itself, so that any one who retired there with his book or his writing would be comparatively alone. It was rather a dangerous room in one respect, as it was not always easy to see if any one was established at the farther end of it. There was a large party in the house at the time, and one of the guests was the wife of an eminent personage who was also staying there. She was extremely handsome, and both were talented, agreeable, and accomplished. But he was the last of his race, and the happiness of their married life was said to be marred by their having no children. Lady — was sitting listlessly by the fire when Mrs. — pounced upon her as a good subject for her powers of victimizing.

"Are you ill to-day, dear Lady —? You look so pale and weary."

"No, Lady — was quite well; as well as she ever was."

"Perhaps your spirits are a little low; and no wonder, poor thing! you must often feel sad, and especially here, where there are so many children to remind you of your disappointment in not having any. I assure you I can feel for you, for it was my own case. But then it was so different. It was no particular object to me to have children, but it was of such consequence to you; and then nothing so sad as to see so much a disappointment of this kind. I dare say you feel it so."

The poor lady, whose eyes had filled with tears at this harangue, protested against any supposition of the kind, saying that Lord — was often worried and overworked in his office, but had the sweetest temper imaginable.

"Ah, poor man! that makes one feel still more sorry for him, especially when I remember that his object in marrying was to secure an heir to his name, and to that magnificent property. I declare it is wonderful to see how well he bears such a continual mortification."

But Lady — evidently could not bear to hear any more, and, rising hastily, left the room, while her companion continued her croquet with a complacent smile on her countenance, delighted, doubtless, at the pain which her venomous words had evidently produced. Presently, after sauntering a little about the room, she finally seated herself by the side of a sofa on which a lady, apparently in delicate health, was lying.

"My dear Lady Jane, I did not expect to see you downstairs to-day. I am delighted to find that you are better, for every one seemed quite alarmed lest you should be detained much longer, and so the 'event' come off here. You must be longing to get home safely."

Lady Jane replies cheerfully that she does not think it is so in her case, for her husband is devoted to his children.

"Ah, my dear, that may be so now, while the children are so young, such mere babies; but for a young man to have his son treading upon his heels is the greatest possible annoyance, I can assure you."

In spite of Mrs.—'s kind compassion, Lady Jane does not seem to take her affliction greatly to heart; the truth being that she was in the room all the time while Mrs.— was lamenting over the opposite misfortune in Lady —'s case, so her shafts, venomous as they were, fell harmless.

We might enumerate numberless instances of this kind of cruelty; for too many people would others gratuitously, for the simple love of giving pain. But if we believe that we shall be judged for every "idle word," surely a heavy retribution must await those whose words are blighting and cruel, who have "the poison of asps under their lips."

It is impossible to overrate the value of tenderness for the feelings of others. Kindness is like mercy "twice blessed, and blesses him that gives, and him that takes." Kind words are the "music of the world." The desolate homes, the life-long disunion, the aching hearts that harsh and cruel words have produced, can never be all enumerated.

A popular author says that he "could sooner face all his sins at the last day than his unkindness."

"O ye, who meeting sigh to part, Whose words are treasures to some heart, Deal gently ere the dark days come, When earth has but for one a home, Let nothing of the parting like me, And feel your hearts wrong bitterly, And heed not what else you heard, Dwell weeping on a careless word."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

BUSINESS EDUCATION.

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THE QUAKER CITY BUSINESS COLLEGE

FIFTH AND CHESTNUT STREETS,

Offers special inducements to all who enter this week for the New Year. For further particulars apply at the office, or send for circulars. 12 23 1/2

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PHILADELPHIA AND READING RAILROAD COMPANY—Office, No. 27 South FORTTH STREET.

DIVIDED NOTICE.

The Transfer Books of the Company will be closed on Tuesday, 31st instant, and be reopened on Tuesday, January 1, 1868.

"I HAD ONE PER CENT. has been declared on the Preferred and Common Stock, clear of National and State Taxes, payable in stock, on and after the 20th of January next to the holders thereof, as they shall stand registered on the books of the Company on the 1st inst., all payable at the office. All orders for dividends must be witnessed and stamped. 12 26 1/2

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 21, 1867.

A meeting of the stockholders of this Company, for the purpose of electing Directors, will be held at the office of G. W. HUNTZINGER & CO., No. 216 WALNUT STREET, Philadelphia, on TUESDAY, December 23rd, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. for the purpose of electing Directors, taking into consideration the propriety of reducing the capital stock of the Company, for abolishing the annual principle, and for other purposes for the interest of the Company. By order of the Board of Directors. GEORGE C. MITCHELL, Secretary. 12 21 1/2

PHILADELPHIA AND READING RAILROAD COMPANY, Office No. 27 S. FOURTH STREET.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 18, 1867.

Notice is hereby given to the stockholders of this Company that the Annual Meeting and an election for President, six Managers, Treasurer, and Secretary will take place on the second MONDAY, 13th of January next, at 12 M. WILLIAM F. WEBB, Secretary. 12 18 1/2

REDUCTION IN PRICE OF STOCK & CO'S AND RAINIER BROS. PIANOS, MELODEONS, ETC., to suit the times. 12 18 1/2

SPECIAL NOTICES.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING, JOY COH & CO., Agents for the "EVENING TELEGRAPH" and "Morning News," have removed from No. 144 B. SIXTH STREET, Philadelphia, to No. 144 B. SIXTH STREET, second door above WALNUT. TRIBUNE BUILDINGS, New York. 7001p

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK.

The Annual Election of Directors of this Bank will be held at the Banking House on WEDNESDAY, the 14th day of January next, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 2 o'clock P. M. W. RUSHFORD, Jr., Cashier. 12 14 1/2

THE PHILADELPHIA NATIONAL BANK.

The Annual Election for Directors of this Bank will be held at the Banking House on TUESDAY, the 14th day of January next, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 2 o'clock P. M. B. H. COMEGYS, Cashier. 12 14 1/2

COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The Annual Election for Directors of this Bank will be held at the Banking House on TUESDAY, the 14th day of January next, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. R. C. PALMER, Cashier. 12 14 1/2

COMMONWEALTH NATIONAL BANK.

The Annual Election for Directors of this Bank will be held at the Banking House on TUESDAY, the 14th day of January next, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 2 o'clock P. M. H. C. YOUNG, Cashier. 12 14 1/2

THE CONSOLIDATION NATIONAL BANK.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank will be held at the Banking House on TUESDAY, the 14th day of January next, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 2 o'clock P. M. JOSEPH N. PEIRCE, Cashier. 12 14 1/2

OFFICE OF THE HESTONVILLE, MANASSAS, AND FAIRMOUNT PASSENGER RAILWAY COMPANY.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of this Company will be held at their office, No. 262 CALLOWHILL STREET, on FRIDAY, January 18, 1868, at 10 o'clock P. M. An election for a President and five Directors, to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the same place on the same day, between the hours of 2 o'clock P. M. and 4 o'clock P. M. CHARLES P. HASTINGS, Secretary. 12 25 1/2

OFFICE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY, No. 54 WILLIAM STREET, New York.

The Conditions of the First Mortgage Bonds of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, due Jan. 1, 1868, will be paid in full, in gold coin, on and after that date, at the Banking House of

FISK & HATCH, Bankers and Financial Agents of the P. R. R. Co., C. P. HUNTINGTON, Vice-President, Above Coupons bought by BOWEN & FOX, Special Agents, No. 12 MERCANTILE EXCHANGE, 12 17 1/2

OFFICE OF THE MANUFACTURERS' INSURANCE COMPANY, No. 481 WALNUT STREET.

The Annual Meeting of the stockholders of the Manufacturers' Insurance Company, and election of ten Directors for the ensuing year will be held at this office on MONDAY, January 6, 1868, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 2 o'clock P. M. M. B. KELLY, Secretary. 12 16 1/2

OFFICE OF UNION MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY, N. E. Corner of THIRD and MARKET STS.

The Annual Meeting of the stock and scrip holders of the Union Mutual Insurance Company of Philadelphia will be held at the office of the Company on MONDAY, January 13, 1868, at 12 o'clock M., at which time election of Directors will be held to serve for the ensuing three years. JOHN MOSS, Sec'y. 12 13 1/2

OFFICE OF THE DIAMOND COAL COMPANY, No. 809 W. 11TH STREET.

NOTICE.—The Annual Election for seven Directors, to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the office of the Company, on WEDNESDAY, 8th of January next, between the hours of 12 and 1 P. M. ED. PEACE, President. 12 7 1/2

OFFICE OF THE DELAWARE MUTUAL SAFETY INSURANCE COMPANY.

The Annual Election for twenty-eight Directors will be held at this office, on MONDAY, the 6th day of January next, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. HENRY LYBURN, Secretary. 12 20 1/2

CITY TREASURER'S OFFICE.

MATURED CITY LOANS.—The City Loans matured on January 1, 1868, will be paid to and after January 2 at this office, by order of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund. HENRY BUNN, City Treasurer. 12 20 1/2

CITY TREASURER'S OFFICE.

The semi-annual interest on the funded debt of the city of Philadelphia, due January 1, 1868, will be paid on and after January 1, 1868. HENRY BUNN, City Treasurer. 12 21 1/2

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